

Slowly

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Slowly

by [Asharyn](#)

Summary

Part of the the "Only Time Will Tell" Series. There are things even Kiryuin Satsuki doesn't want to dig up about her past, but waiting for them to go away was never going to be an option. Not so long as Matoi Ryuko was going to continue to be a part of her life.

What does sexual desire feel like

Google spat out a search page. One that Satsuki immediately regretted and exited out of.

The question, she thought, should have been simple enough for a search engine to give her a decent answer. Unfortunately, she had already tried this route once before, a year or so ago. Something she had brought up on her smartphone late one night while Ryuko snored beside her in bed. They'd kissed that night for the first time, and for the first time since Satsuki had conveyed her feelings for Ryuko- to Ryuko- she had a dilemma on her hands.

She'd looked from the article she read to where Ryuko laid, pondering the sensations her body had felt before and wondering if there would ever be a way to scrub clean the history from the desire, if there would ever be a way that she could explain to Ryuko why there was such a barrier there for her. Hell, she wished she could have explained it to herself. She tried, many times, to persevere through personal sessions on her own terms, with her own fantasies, but every time felt like a dead-end, a pitiful waste of time and another example of how she had been broken.

It left her feeling ill.

So she'd gone to see a therapist. She sat through session after session, her admissions and faults and guilts laid bare before a stranger and she found her catharsis in the interactions. It was like pushing a boulder up a hill, like building Honnouji from scratch, like saving the world- it felt impossible. Though, Satsuki had chided herself, she'd never let impossible get in the way of what she had wanted before. There was something to be said about hardwork and perseverance; even if sex was something that she felt she could almost certainly live without.

"So Satsuki, when was the last time you looked at pornography?" her therapist asked and Satsuki scoffed, uncrossing and crossing her legs before responding.

"Me? Look at porn? When would I have time for that?"

She had, of course, tried to look at videos of women having sex the night before her appointment. For research purposes.

"Anyways, it's... uncomfortable." Her therapist jotted a note down before looking up at Satsuki and smiling.

Satsuki hated that knowing smile. It never meant anything good. "Uncomfortable? Didn't you tell me before that you eventually wanted to be comfortable with sexual intercourse?"

"Of course, it would be nice to enjoy those actions with a," her mind had been flashing images of Ryuko since her therapist said the words 'sexual intercourse', "suitable mate."

"And this *suitable mate*," the woman started and Satsuki still couldn't stop thinking about fucking Ryuko, "what do you think" not *fucking* Ryuko, god damnit, fucking-Ryuko as in, "they would want to have done to them?"

“Hm?” Satsuki figured she had heard the woman incorrectly.

“What do you think your sexual partner would want to have done to them?” so she hadn’t heard her wrong.

“Well,” and there was the kicker. Satsuki had no idea what Ryuko would want should they ever get that far. “I’m- not certain.”

“Look, Satsuki,” the woman gave her another knowing look and set her notepad off to the side, “I think you’ve made some real progress with your past traumas. It might finally do you some good to really start pushing yourself further. Why don’t you take a look at some written pornography? Or maybe erotic comics? Ease yourself into sensual content and then when that becomes easier, you can start looking at more *realistic* material.”

Satsuki let out her breath as softly as possible; temporarily resigned by the insight. “Fine.”

“Good, then our time is nearly up for today. Should I put you down for next Monday evening again?”

She had to admit, after a few nights of finding decent written material, she did enjoy reading pornography.

It took her a few attempts, finding the right sort of content with the right mindset, but eventually she was able to read something akin to porn, the sensation of burning warmth in her groin and belly not immediately making her nauseous. It felt... good, she supposed, to be free of the sensation of guilt when thinking about physical contact.

Then she made the mistake of looking at Ryuko who was sleeping beside her, mouth agape and drool starting to leak from one side of her lips. The heat rose in her again, like it had while she’d been reading about two women not unlike them, touching each other in ways that Satsuki felt were not unlike the ways she would enjoy touching Ryuko, and just as suddenly as it had come on- her memories followed shortly behind and the moment was ruined.

So much so that she had to leave bed, choosing instead to have her emotional breakdown on the living room couch. There were some tears that night as her frustration wore her patience thin. She’d let herself be upset. Chastised herself needlessly for things she knew she couldn’t fix. Then when the brunt of the emotional rollercoaster had passed she sat up, took a deep breath, and reminded herself that there would be time.

Ryuko was a deviant.

Satsuki already knew that.

They had started sleeping in the same bed together nearly two years ago and not long after that, Satsuki had a bit of an awkward experience. It turned out that, while Ryuko was fine with waiting as long as it took for Satsuki to be comfortable with physical affection in any

way, Ryuko also needed her own form of relief. She had to admit that Ryuko was sly about it the first time, but unfortunately for her, Satsuki was a closet insomniac and had been pretending to be asleep in bed with Ryuko for hours. So Ryuko, not wanting to wake Satsuki but also going about her own machinations proceeded to “quietly” masturbate.

Satsuki assumed she meant to be quiet. At first, she hadn’t even been sure *what* Ryuko was doing. There was just the soft shuffling sounds of Ryuko’s legs wiggling under the sheets and blankets, and the feeling of the mattress dipping and swaying with her weight. Then there was silence, for a few moments, before Satsuki heard Ryuko let out a barely audible sigh.

At first, Satsuki thought that Ryuko was just sighing out her content in finding a perfect sleeping position. But the noises continued, almost rhythmically, for longer than what Satsuki figured was acceptable for a person to fidget and fall asleep. That was when she realized what was going on, and when she peeked out from behind her lidded eyes to glance at where Ryuko was lying. Her face was skewed into concentration, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, chest heaving with deep breaths and Satsuki knew *exactly* what she was doing.

She could have ignored the whole situation and receded into her own thoughts if it hadn’t been for the brief utterance of her name under Ryuko’s breath. It sounded so... desperate, and needy, and god, Satsuki almost couldn’t stand it. It was everything she had ever wanted. She wanted Ryuko to need- no, *want* her. She wanted to hear her name being uttered like that over and over in only the way Ryuko’s voice could sound.

It made her so jealous.

All she wanted was for it to be *her* hands snaking across Ryuko’s body, her fingertips doing whatever it was that was eliciting such a response from Ryuko. Satsuki had never seen her behave that way before; god she was furious in that moment.

Then she realized that her body was alight with passion, her core sopping wet with excitement, and rather than being relieved... she was disgusted. All she could think about was how she’d been taking advantage of Ryuko, using Ryuko’s moment of self-pleasure for her own satisfaction, indulging in a moment that Ryuko obviously thought she was alone in...

It took her all she was worth to break out of the circular thought process and by the time she had it was morning. Ryuko had been especially gentle that day and all Satsuki could think about was how badly she wanted Ryuko to hate her. She wanted her to be angry, to yell at her, to make her feel as bad as she felt she deserved to feel. But everytime Satsuki prodded at Ryuko’s sensitive spots all Ryuko did was laugh it off, or shrug it off, or ignore it, and Satsuki couldn’t believe this was the same girl who had tried to topple her entire regime on just a hunch. She was so... good. So much better than Satsuki could ever hope to be and it just made her feel worse. So much worse than she had ever felt.

Satsuki made an appointment to see her therapist the next day.

“You’re home late today,” Satsuki called out, having heard the faint sound of a door close and keys clattering noisily.

“Nonon begged me to take her out and get her shit-faced,” Ryuko walked into the living room, shrugging off her high-school delinquent jacket to toss it onto the couch behind where Satsuki was seated.

“She had texted me earlier asking if I wanted to go,” Satsuki mused aloud to herself, setting her tablet down on the coffee table in front of her as Ryuko flopped into the space beside her. “Unfortunately, I had my appointment.”

“How was that, by the way?” Ryuko slipped a finger into the knot of the tie at her throat and pulled it loose, letting out a long sigh as she did. Her other hand poised itself over Satsuki’s shoulder, waiting patiently until Satsuki nodded her head in affirmation. Ryuko grinned and softly set her palm down, gently squeezing as she did so. Satsuki hummed in contentment; Ryuko’s hands were always so pleasantly warm.

“Hmm, my therapist seems to think that I should start taking larger steps with *intimacy*,” Satsuki framed the last word with air-quotes.

“Oh ho! Does she now?” Ryuko laughed, kicking off her shoes before putting her feet up on the coffee table. Satsuki noted the deliberate action with a sense of pride, she had, after all, asked Ryuko many times before not to put her shoes on the furniture.

“Do you mind if we talk about it?” her voice bordered between sincere and serious, causing Ryuko to straighten up a bit and turn her body more fully towards Satsuki. She noted that Ryuko’s hand never left her shoulder.

“Of course, Satsuki, what’s on your mind?” she asked. It still caught Satsuki off-guard when Ryuko was so understanding and it took her a few moments to figure out how she wanted to phrase her request.

“I think I’d like to start being intimate,” she started and nearly lost her canter when a fierce blush crossed Ryuko’s cheeks. “I just don’t think I’m ready for that sort of intimacy to be directed at me.”

“Ah, so, what,” Ryuko’s hand left her shoulder and subconsciously Satsuki found herself grabbing at it, holding it tightly between her own cold fingers. “Do you just wanna, like, touch me or something?”

Satsuki nodded, relishing in the feeling of Ryuko’s palms. She wondered absentmindedly if the rest of Ryuko’s body was as warm as her hands. A voice lilted in her brain, “*Maybe there are places even warmer.*”

Ryuko was chuckling nervously, “Well, you’ve always had my permission to touch me, Satsuki.”

It was Satsuki’s turn to blush. She could feel it’s rampant heat across her nose and cheeks, betraying her emotions to Ryuko’s prying eyes. She wanted to turn her face away but fought

the urge. “ *No, Satsuki, you have no reason to be embarrassed in front of her.* ”

As if understanding the situation better than Satsuki herself, Ryuko took Satsuki’s hand ever so slowly and raised it up to her face. She then gently took Satsuki’s wrist in her other hand and guided Satsuki’s palm until it was cupped against her cheek. Her fingers stretched by themselves, tangling into the hair just behind Ryuko’s ear. It was softer than usual, Satsuki mused, and she leaned forward a bit so she could fully bury her hand into those silky locks.

“When did you get to be this cute, Ryuko?” Satsuki joked, hoping to get another blush to rise on Ryuko’s face. It worked.

“I’ve always been this cute you’re just blind,” Ryuko hummed, leaning her face into Satsuki’s touch. “I’m glad to see you’re warming back up to being physical again.”

“Slowly,” Satsuki whispered, running the tip of her index finger around the shell of Ryuko’s ear. Before she could stop herself she was leaning in further, her other arm snaking around the back of Ryuko’s neck to pull her into a passionate kiss. She relished the feeling of Ryuko’s body melting flush against her, their lips connecting a few more times before Satsuki withdrew to lean her forehead against Ryuko’s. “I’m sorry, Ryuko.”

“What for?” Ryuko peeked out at her behind half-lidded eyes.

“Getting you involved in all of my,” Satsuki mulled on the next word, not certain how to frame the entirety of her situation in an adequate way.

“Issues?” Ryuko finished her sentence and chuckled when Satsuki perked her eyebrows in acceptance of her wording. “Satsuki...”

Satsuki shook her head and tried to pull away but Ryuko held her firmly, reassuringly.

“Satsuki you know I would wait forever. Just take your time,” Ryuko leaned forward and swirled the tip of her nose around Satsuki’s. She was ashamed at the return of the blush to her cheeks by Ryuko’s actions. “Why, after all this time, are you being so impatient?”

There was truth in Ryuko’s words that Satsuki couldn’t ignore. She had waited years- literal *years* - to pay her mother back for a near decade of abuse; to topple Kiryuin Ragyo’s empire with a well-laid plan that ended up being more improvisation than not.

But there was a gnawing fear in Satsuki’s bones that ached with a pain she couldn’t understand. Sometimes she wondered if there was anything sharp enough or strong enough to reach it and relieve that sensation. It was overwhelming at times, so much so that it would leave her mind buzzing, the only thoughts she could have revolving around how her body was betraying her.

“Every day is a reminder that I am not myself,” she started, and decided to rephrase it, “every day I wonder if I will ever feel okay again.”

Ryuko just nodded solemnly, repositioning her hands so she could softly cup Satsuki against her. Satsuki shimmied a little, settling into Ryuko’s lap and sighing at the momentary weight

that had lifted from her chest. It felt good to enjoy Ryuko's presence; it felt good to be able to relax and, damn, did it feel good to talk to her.

"So I would like to try to be intimate with you again," Satsuki stated, matter-of-factly. "But I'd like to request that you leave the touching to me, alone."

Ryuko hummed in a tone of fake concentration, craning her head back to stare up at the ceiling in a faux-thoughtful way, "I think I can manage that."

"Good," Satsuki punctuated the word with a swift and playful nip to Ryuko's nose. She was willing to admit that a tension had built between them, but she also knew she wasn't quite ready yet despite the thump of her heartbeat between her legs.

"You know," Ryuko started while depositing Satsuki gently back onto the couch so she could start taking off her work clothes, starting with her red button-down, "I'm glad you decided to tell me about- all of that."

Satsuki nodded at the hand gestures Ryuko made, understanding that she was talking about their conversation a few months back. Their conversation about how Satsuki wasn't the most comfortable with physical affection, especially those that bordered on sexual, and why that was.

Surmise it to say, Satsuki had to calm Ryuko down considerably. The girl had a knack for being vengeful and Satsuki had to remind her countless times that she had nothing, and no one, to take it out on. She'd already destroyed Satsuki's boogeyman, and all that remained was destroying the remnants of those wrong-doings that were etched into her mind and skin. And that was a job that Satsuki had to take care of herself.

"I'm thankful you've been so understanding," Satsuki picked up her tablet and started to read the article that she had been in the middle of. She tried not to stare when Ryuko stripped out of her clothing; her button down, t-shirt, and dress pants tossed on the ground unceremoniously before she flopped back onto the couch.

She failed and Ryuko took notice. "What are you staring at?"

Satsuki flicked her eyes back to her tablet screen, trying to forget about the perfect curves of her love interest nearly nude. "Nothing much."

"Oh no?" Ryuko's voice was tinged with suggestion as she reached behind her back and unclipped her bra, slipping it off her shoulders and throwing it into Satsuki's lap. She looked up directly in front of her, hiding her mirth with half-baked resentment, before turning her glare to Ryuko who perked an eyebrow at her challengingly. Despite the urge to do so, Satsuki never looked down at Ryuko's chest.

"You, Matoi Ryuko, are an ass." And with that, she picked up her tablet and walked off, content with leaving Ryuko to her own machinations for a while.

After all, she had research to do.

“Ugh, you taste like weed,” Satsuki pulled away from Ryuko and ran the back of her hand across her parted lips, making sure to angle her gaze down at Ryuko with a tinge of disgust.

“Yea, Sanageyama stopped me on my way out this evening and I was successfully tempted,” Ryuko said and Satsuki couldn’t help but notice that her legs were rubbing together between where she sat, straddled across Ryuko’s lap. “Is that alright with you *Lady Satsuki*?”

She took a moment to consider the woman beneath her, trailing her fingertips along Ryuko’s jaw and behind her ears. “I suppose I can let it slide, Matoi.”

They watched each other across the distance for a moment before Satsuki leaned back down to kiss Ryuko deeply, her teeth pulling at Ryuko’s lips before continuing to pepper kisses along her jaw. She could feel Ryuko’s hands pressed firmly against her sides, a spot they had agreed upon was alright for her to touch, and she could feel her fingers twitching with every nip or peck that she left on Ryuko’s skin.

They'd been watching a movie not three minutes earlier. Satsuki had snuggled into the spot between Ryuko's legs, her upper back pressed into Ryuko's chest, and reveled in the feeling of Ryuko's arms wrapping around her. It had been so innocent a position until Satsuki felt the warmth of Ryuko's core against her hip and she *accidentally* ground against it. Ryuko had gone rigid, a soft grunt escaping her throat and Satsuki felt the urge rise up in her again.

It demanded more.

So she'd turned over, her hands curling into the hair at the nape of Ryuko's neck and pulled. The noise that she let out was enough to have Satsuki groaning in pleasure, amused and wanton in the wake of Ryuko's absolute enjoyment.

“You’re not going to blue balls me again, are yah?” Ryuko asked, the sound of her voice laced with desire.

“Shut. Up.” Satsuki bit down on her shoulder, eliciting a loud groan from Ryuko whose hips bucked hard beneath her. “You *know* I feel bad about that.”

Ryuko’s fingers twitched abruptly and Satsuki could feel her resist the temptation to move them further up Satsuki’s body. “Please don’t feel bad about that.”

Glancing up, Satsuki noticed that Ryuko was looking down at her in desperation.

“Please, Satsuki, I’ve loved every fucking minute of this,” Satsuki slammed their mouths together, her hands fumbling at the buttons on Ryuko’s work shirt.

All she could think about was Ryuko. It was like being full to the brim with just a single person, and Satsuki couldn’t begin to tell where one part of her ended and Ryuko began. How had she never noticed this before? How had she been so blind when it came Ryuko? She’d made that mistake before, it should have been the last time, but there she was, surprised again

at how deep the well that was Ryuko went. It was the most comfortable sensation, something between a deep sleep and a cold river.

“Shi- god, yes, Satsuki-” she surfaced to the sound of Ryuko’s pathetic mewls. Satsuki found that she’d already stripped Ryuko of her button-down and undershirt, and had dispatched her bra as well. All that was left between Satsuki’s prying eyes and Ryuko’s breasts were her own damn hands, fingers curling into the supple flesh of her chest.

She’d read about the sensation of touching nipples and breasts, hell, Satsuki had even groped at her own chest, speculating that if the action suited her just fine that it might suit Ryuko too. It turned out that assumption was correct, and as her fingertips tugged softly at pert nipples she watched as Ryuko’s chest heaved, rising to the source of the sensation. Her hands left Satsuki’s side then, already having almost become too promiscuous for Satsuki’s tastes, and she watched as Ryuko curled her fingers into the dark feathery locks for her own hair. Tugging whenever Satsuki decided to deliver a flick or grope or caress to Ryuko’s breasts.

The skin beneath Satsuki’s fingers was the softest she had ever felt, and as she dragged her hands down through the valley of Ryuko’s breasts and over the rigid plateau of her abdomen she noticed that there were goosebumps cropping up over the areas she’d traversed. It was surreal for Satsuki to see Ryuko’s skin betray her pleasure and it caused her core to throb. Desire pulsing deep within her as she decided to damn any consequences and hurriedly ripped at the button and zipper to Ryuko’s pants.

Her boxer briefs that day were a hot red and Satsuki committed the color to memory. Along with the view of Ryuko laid completely bare beneath her, eyes pleading to her for anything at that point. Satsuki curled her fingers into the waistband of Ryuko’s underwear and slowly pulled the garment over the rise of her hips and down the length of her thighs and calves, watching the entire time as Ryuko averted her eyes, the back of her hand attempting to cover a beet-red glow that had consumed her face.

With a flick of her wrist Satsuki dispatched the garment to the other side of the room, gazing down at Ryuko in her nude glory. She relished the sight of Ryuko laid so bare before her, her legs slightly closed at the knees, attempting to hide her modesty despite the sultry glances she was throwing at Satsuki. She reached out with one hand, softly tracing the curve of Ryuko’s fingers until she snatched at her pinky, dragging the entire hand to her mouth where she peppered kisses along Ryuko’s fingertips.

“I love you,” Satsuki attempted to speak the words but they only came out as a whisper. Ryuko heard her all the same.

She nodded her head before responding, her fingers twining with Satsuki’s. “I love you too.”

With her free hand, Satsuki eased her fingers into the space between Ryuko’s knees. She gently pressed against them, keeping eye contact with Ryuko as she knelt into the space between Ryuko’s legs. Satsuki rubbed her cheek along the inside of Ryuko’s thigh before flicking her gaze down to take in the sight of Ryuko’s glistening lips. A devilishly large amount of pride welled up in Satsuki at the sight, she couldn’t believe she’d gotten this sort of response out of Ryuko with so little.

Squeezing down on the fingers between her own, Satsuki leaned forward to press her tongue between Ryuko's labia. She had to hold onto Ryuko's thigh with her free hand while she did, attempting to hold her still even while her hips bucked to meet each of Satsuki's languid licks.

The taste, she thought, was not what she had expected. Not nearly the "honey" taste that many erotica she had read referred to it as, but not an off putting taste all the same. It tasted like what she expected the word desire would taste like: rich and pungent but unforgettable. There was something about it that made Satsuki's head swim, her tongue dipping in deeper so she could lap it up completely.

She wanted to treasure it all, to memorize the moans of pleasure that were flowing from Ryuko's lips unhindered. To determine which movements of her tongue were the ones that drove Ryuko to buck her hips against her mouth. It was all so much, too quickly, that by the time Satsuki went to slip her middle finger inside of Ryuko she could tell that she was orgasming. She threw her head back, a hearty sigh flowing out past her open mouth as her knees and thighs shook around Satsuki's head.

Though, as sweet as she felt Ryuko's first orgasm to have been at her own doing, Satsuki wasn't nearly done. Not by a long shot.

There was a brief moment where she swirled her tongue around Ryuko's clitoris in a rhythmic manner, provoking sharp gasps from her with every flick to her swollen bud, letting her cool down slightly from her recent cresting. It was short lived, though, as Satsuki stroked her middle finger along the length of Ryuko's awaiting entrance. Each pass of her finger she could feel it opening up more and more, parting further to welcome Satsuki inside with no resistance. She felt the warm press of Ryuko's insides as they adjusted to her presence, her tongue continuing to press against Ryuko's clitoris with each beckoning curl of her middle finger. She could feel a rough patch with each pass and knew from both her readings and Ryuko's behavior that she was targeting the right spot.

Satsuki had to press both of their hands down onto Ryuko's pelvis to keep her from bucking up into her teeth. Ryuko's orgasm that time was so strong that she audibly yelled, her voice crescendoing to a peak before petering off into pathetic whimpers at each pass of Satsuki's tongue over her swollen clitoris.

"Enough, Satsuki-" Ryuko cried out again and Satsuki could feel her insides twitching around her digit, "fuck, cmon, get out of me I'm done!"

"Only twice, hm?" Satsuki grinned up at Ryuko, pulling her finger out, reluctantly, from her insides. "And here I was hoping the great Matoi Ryuko might be able to last a bit longer."

Ryuko guffawed, closing her legs together and covering her breasts with her arms before stuttering out her response, "H-hey! Give me a break, I've been dying for this for weeks!"

"Oh have you now?" Satsuki asked, wiping at the slick liquid that covered her mouth. "Was it everything you'd hoped for, Ryuko dear?"

Satsuki looked back at Ryuko after a few quiet moments and noticed she was looking away, her face flushed and lips hidden behind one of her hands. “So much more...”

There had been few more humbling moments in Satsuki’s life than that one, and she was relieved to find that there was nothing but love and affection and happiness weighing heavy in her heart.

Satsuki settled back down against Ryuko’s chest, softly pulling at her hands until Ryuko’s face was laid bare. She leaned forward and pressed her lips firmly against Ryuko’s, attempting to convey her feelings through actions alone, and was satisfied to feel Ryuko kiss her back, her hands pressing against Satsuki’s sides again.

“Thanks, Satsuki,” Ryuko muttered, kissing at the corners of Satsuki’s mouth, “I-”

“I know,” Satsuki shushed her, kissing her again until she was certain Ryuko had forgotten what she wanted to say. “I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

There were still hiccups, unfortunately. Satsuki found herself staring off in disinterest; catching herself mentally escaping to somewhere else while Ryuko gently stroked her arm, or pet her head. She knew it was an old failsafe, that it was okay to struggle with turning off coping mechanisms. There were times where it seemed like the action itself wasn’t just discouraging to her, but to Ryuko as well, and that was an immense issue for Satsuki to bear.

Whenever she shied away from Ryuko she could see every emotion cross her face. She was awful at concealing anything and even worse at hiding anything from Satsuki, and it *ripped* at her insides to see them all. Hurt, confusion, understanding, pity. The last one she despised the most. She’d never wanted pity from anyone. Especially not Ryuko.

“Stop that.” she pressed the palm of her hand firmly against Ryuko’s eyes, twisting her head to angle her frustrated glare away from Ryuko.

“Fuck-damnit, I’m sorry, Satsuki,” Ryuko knew what she’d done wrong. She knew it, and Satsuki knew it, and Satsuki was about to let the whole damn world know about it if Ryuko didn’t get the hell away from her.

“What did I say?” Satsuki gave her a more harsh shove than she intended, sending Ryuko sprawling supine onto the floor. She made no attempt to pick herself up from the position, instead taking the moment to let out a hearty sigh laced with disappointment. Disappointment in herself.

“That you would ignore me for two whole days if I didn’t follow the rules,” she was pouting as she said it. Satsuki berated herself internally for letting it get to her, however slight.

She softened, watching Ryuko as she rolled onto her side and up onto her feet. “Come here, Ryuko.”

Ryuko did what was asked of her, though Satsuki could feel an electric buzz in the air before she moved to comply. It was faint, but still there. A feeling not unlike a few times she had felt during their days at Honnouji. But this was a different Ryuko, she knew, and the static hum in the air dissipated a mere moment after it had begun.

“I need to apologize for that,” Satsuki started, brushing Ryuko’s bangs out of her face, “It was rude. You know I wouldn’t ignore you for two days, right?”

“Yea, I know,” she looked like a beat puppy and Satsuki groaned, pressing the heel of her palm into her forehead.

“I’m trying to make this better, Ryuko, stop being so sad,” Satsuki softly grabbed Ryuko’s chin, and when she felt resistance from Ryuko to turn her head she gave up. Instead choosing to straddle Ryuko’s lap, grabbing both her cheeks and giving her face a firm jiggle.

Ryuko kept her eyes angled off to the side, her lips pursed obstinately. “I’m not sad.”

“Oh, please,” Satsuki muttered, leaning in to pepper a few kisses across Ryuko’s nose and cheeks. “You’re the most pathetic. I love you.”

Ryuko rolled her eyes but looked up at Satsuki regardless, her eyes sparkling. “I love you too.”

“Now do you want to hear my proposition?”

Ryuko nodded her head and Satsuki could feel her hands moving to rest on her hips.

“I’m getting rid of the touching policy,” she paused, watching at Ryuko’s face started to brighten. “Effective immediately.”

“Really?” she drew out the word with a playful tone, a singular eyebrow perking to the occasion.

“Really.” Satsuki said. And she meant it despite the somersault her stomach did.

Before she could react to the movement, Ryuko had cupped both her breasts firmly with her hands. They exchanged looks at each other. Ryuko mostly of dumb perseverance and pride. Satsuki a few of muted rage, some of genuine curiosity, others of something entirely outside of her normal range of feelings.

“So the first thing you touch are my breasts?” Satsuki asked. She leaned forward and grabbed Ryuko by the lobe of her ear, dragging Ryuko up to meet her.

“I’ve wanted to touch your tits since the first time I saw you,” Ryuko muttered and despite what Satsuki thought she should be feeling, the sensation of Ryuko’s fingers curling around her breasts was akin to euphoria. Her hands were warm and firm but gentle, like the physical equivalent of butter.

“How many times have I told you not to refer to them as tits?” Ryuko’s fingers began to curiously dig and caress. Every once in a while Satsuki would feel an electric pop and the

sensation would cause her body to jolt. Her hand, which was still gripping Ryuko's right ear lobe, would jerk and roughly tug Ryuko's head to the side. If the dumb, loving look that was plastered to her face meant anything it seemed she didn't mind.

"Doesn't matter what I refer to them as," Satsuki jolted again and glared down at Ryuko in what she hoped looked like lust instead of anger, "you seem to enjoy having them touched all the same."

Satsuki buried her free hand in the hair at the nape of Ryuko's neck, snapping her head back so that she could slam their mouths together. Their lips ground near painfully as Satsuki kissed Ryuko in such a way that both their bodies were flowing against each other- teeth clacking together as their tongues twined. Every time they kissed, Satsuki could feel that electric pop of pleasure, and she suddenly realized that it was Ryuko pinching at her nipples. Without thinking she pulled away just long enough to rip her shirt up over her head and unhook her bra before diving back down, reveling in the sensation of Ryuko's sweltering palms pressing against her breasts.

It drove Satsuki *nuts* . It was like being out of her mind, her vision swimming, breathing coming in labored gasps. All she could feel was Ryuko, all she could taste was Ryuko, all there was...

She gasped and pulled away. Looking down to find Ryuko's shoulder marred in diminutive curved cuts. Even as she watched, the skin was beginning to stitch itself back together.

"Satsuki..." Ryuko whispered.

Satsuki locked eyes with Ryuko and could see, in those wells of emotion that Ryuko had, a yearning so deep and desperate that she was grabbing at Ryuko's face, holding her tight so she could see Satsuki's sincerity. She nodded her head. "Yes."

Ryuko leaned up in a fluid motion, cupping Satsuki by her buttocks while kissing her deeply. She stood with such ease that Satsuki felt weightless for a brief moment, her arms wrapping around Ryuko's neck, fingers curling into her hair. She could feel herself drowning in Ryuko's embrace.

She'd hardly realized she'd been laid onto their bed when she came to, the view of Ryuko above her, haloed in the warm light of a ceiling fan. She reached up and stroked her fingers down the side of Ryuko's face. The soft skin of her cheek enticing her to draw her fingers languidly across it in invisible markings. Ryuko hummed, closing her eyes and leaning the weight of her head into Satsuki's palm.

With little warning Ryuko parted from her briefly and Satsuki found herself craving Ryuko so badly that she grabbed at her own breasts. Enjoying, for once, the feeling of her own fingers gripping and massaging at those sensitive parts of herself.

When Ryuko returned she was holding two things in her hands: lube and Satsuki's personal vibrator. It was a small, thin thing and she'd found it to be significantly more effective in drawing out the desired effect. Far fewer- incidents- were noted with the vibrator, than with her fingers. Something she was suddenly aware of given the current situation.

Ryuko leaned over her, slowly, as if understanding Satsuki's fears long before she had herself.

"Here, love," she spoke softly, handing Satsuki her vibrator and nuzzling gently at the skin behind her ear. "Don't worry, I won't touch."

Swaying back onto her feet, Ryuko raised the bottle of lube so Satsuki could watch as she uncapped it, drizzling the clear liquid onto a sizeable dildo that was strapped to Ryuko's pelvis with what appeared to be boxer briefs. She smeared the length of it until it was glistening and looked up at Satsuki tentatively before leaning forward over her again.

Satsuki, who had already turned her vibrator on and pressed it against her throbbing clitoris, could've given a damn at that point how large that dildo appeared to be. There was an almost animalistic buzzing in her brain at the mere thought of Ryuko pressing the length of it inside her. She craved the idea of Ryuko pressing down against her, and when she did Satsuki couldn't help but moan her approval, her hand snaking around Ryuko's chest to grip at her shoulder, her legs hooking around the back of Ryuko's hips.

The sensation of the dildo sliding inside her was akin to a frightful mix of pleasure and pain that Satsuki hadn't realized she'd been desiring. There had always been something about pain- like tooth aches or sores- that drove her mad and it seemed this was no exception to that rule. To her surprise, she could feel the head of it pop past her entrance and slide nearly effortlessly inside her. Filling her till she felt whole.

"Oh, shit," she let out on a breathy sigh. Her hand reached up, tangling into the mess of her own long hair, desperately trying to cope with the sensation. It was like diving into cold water. Refreshing, and satisfying, and fulfilling.

She felt like herself again. She felt like something better than that.

Satsuki clawed at Ryuko's back, her face burying into the messy locks of Ryuko's hair as she laid fully on her, and Satsuki was suddenly so aware of the scent of her. Something fresh, and earthy, a smell so comforting she could swear it smelled like a home she'd never known.

There was clarity of an accord Satsuki couldn't comprehend as she began to feel Ryuko pumping the silicone member inside her. Her pace was deliberate, slow at first but firm. Satsuki continued to tease her clitoris with the vibrator, taking a playful negligence with its accuracy. She didn't want to under perform; not when the sensations at hand were ones she'd never quite felt before. Even when Ryuko picked up her pace, matching the fervor with which Satsuki's body ebbed and flowed through its crescendo, Satsuki fought back at the pressure building in her gut.

She wanted it to last forever. But forever was never an option.

With absolutely no ceremony her orgasm struck her like an oncoming train. Wreckless, destructive, unimaginable. There were expletives spilling from her lips and she bit and sucked and nipped at Ryuko's neck and shoulder. Egging her on despite her finished state.

Much to Satsuki's chagrin, Ryuko was all but happy to comply. She leaned back, pulling away from Satsuki and gripping her by her thighs. There was a smugness in those eyes that Satsuki felt herself hate before enjoying as she felt Ryuko pick up her pace again. Satsuki reached out and gripped her by the forearm, hoping that the pressure of it and the heated look she was pinning Ryuko with were enough to explain the urgency of the situation.

Ryuko just grinned and bent forward, her lips just barely brushing against Satsuki's even as she moved in to capture a kiss from Ryuko. With an air of cockiness Ryuko dipped her head down to Satsuki's chest, her hips never relenting from the rhythmic swaying they had begun even as she took one of Satsuki's incredibly pert nipples into her mouth.

The instant she did Satsuki had to clench down hard, an orgasm nearly taking her by surprise at the ungodly sensation of having her nipple inside Ryuko's mouth. There was almost too much going on at once for Satsuki to concentrate and eventually she realized she couldn't and resigned.

She didn't care any longer, there was no need. All that mattered was that Ryuko was there. So, so, close to her for once. The closest she had ever been, and it was the most connected to anyone Satsuki had ever felt. There was a current between them, she realized, and she cupped Ryuko's face with her free hand, holding her in her view so as to admire the woman who had inspired such emotions in her. Such rage, and sadness, and tenderness, and love. God, how had she ever overlooked this? Not once, but twice!

Ryuko was watching her, and Satsuki was watching her back and in that moment she crested again. Choked moans escaping Satsuki's lips as she buried her face into the palm of her hand, so overwhelmed by everything. She was lost at sea, and for once, that was okay.

Satsuki groaned, her back arching as she came down from the orgasm. She could feel her joints popping at she stretched out each of her limbs. Ryuko had her face buried between Satsuki's breasts, and she watched and felt as Ryuko pressed gentle kisses against her chest. There was a pause in her actions before Ryuko languidly drew her tongue across Satsuki's skin.

She sighed and arched her back, aware again of the intruder between her thighs that Ryuko was neglecting to do anything with.

"Are you just going to lay there or...?" Satsuki asked. Ryuko chortled from between her breasts, tilting her face up to look at Satsuki.

"Again?"

Satsuki only answered with a perked eyebrow and Ryuko rolled her eyes, grinning even as she started to sway her hips again.

A guttural moan escaped Satsuki's throat and she decided to let it go. No shame was going to be enough for her to deny how good the action of Ryuko's body pressing the dildo inside her was. There was an intoxicated swing in Ryuko's hips that had it scraping at new areas, places that had Satsuki gasping and her eyebrows knitting together.

The sheer eroticism of getting to enjoy... *this* was something Satsuki had never thought would be possible. She watched Ryuko, enjoyed the sight of her working hard enough at the task at hand to have sweat beading on her skin. Satsuki reached up and brushed away an errant drop that was rolling down Ryuko's temple. Ryuko had her eyes closed but leaned into Satsuki's touch.

It was nice to know that they could share this. That they could finally get so close. The vibrator Satsuki was holding continued to thrum against her clitoris and she found herself bucking her hips in time with Ryuko's now. The action appeared to stoke a fire in Ryuko and she began to pump her hips more fervently. Satsuki gripped her by the jaw and her eyes flew open, giving Satsuki a look that sent a shiver down her sides.

Ryuko leaned forward and kissed her, deeply, and Satsuki melted into the action, her hips still rocking in time with Ryuko's. God- she couldn't believe how electric it felt. There was something about the satisfying fullness mixed with the feeling of the vibrator that made each and every hillock she climbed all the more enjoyable. Nothing about this was business and for once, the first time, Satsuki was able to relax and in that relaxation she found herself experiencing true bliss.

After they broke from their passionate kiss, Ryuko leaned back again, grabbing Satsuki by the outside of her thighs and holding her legs. Her pace after that was relentless and Satsuki gasped in amusement, her enjoyment shining through in the way she leaned forward to grab one of Ryuko's breasts. The action caused Ryuko to growl low, her teeth barring playfully at Satsuki as she continued to pound the dildo into her.

There were a few more close calls as Satsuki rounded the bend to her orgasm. She cupped Ryuko's breast and pinched at her nipple and watched, with more than a little pride, as Ryuko's body twitched and shuddered at the touch. It did nothing to dissuade her from her duty and before long Satsuki could feel the imminent creep of an immense orgasm.

She fought it as long as she could. She fought it for so long she worried that Ryuko might give up before she reached the end. They were both coated in a thick layer of sweat, their bodies having been worked more than thoroughly half an hour ago, and she could tell that Ryuko was doing everything she could to get her to orgasm. If anything, she thought it was a bit endearing to see Ryuko working so hard. Satsuki was ashamed later to find that the thought had been at the forefront of her mind when she peaked, her mouth choosing to groan out Ryuko's name as she did.

That time her orgasm had been- well, the most intense she had ever had. It was transcendent in itself. Beyond anything she'd felt before. There were waves hitting her from every angle, an endless stream that was bubbling up inside her, washing away everything that had she had ever known as Kiryuin Satsuki.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Ryuko was the one to break her from her post-orgasm reverie.

No amount of words were going to explain the experience of it all. All that mattered, she decided, was that she *had* enjoyed herself. "I did."

Ryuko was already pulling out of her and Satsuki debated asking if she was willing to continue going. But as soon as Ryuko settled back into bed beside her, arms wrapping protectively around her, she decided it was for the best to leave it be for the day. Satsuki snuggled into the space between Ryuko's arms and nuzzled at the underside of her chin. A hum echoed from Ryuko's chest and Satsuki pressed a few kisses along her jaw line.

"Did *you* enjoy yourself?" Satsuki asked, tentatively.

Laughter bubbled out of Ryuko's mouth before she responded. "God, of course I did!"

The feeling of Ryuko's hands trailing across her back to settle on her shoulder and hip was almost enough to have Satsuki asking for more. Again, she figured they'd had enough- for that evening.

"Satsuki," Ryuko started, her face buried into the top of Satsuki's head. "I'm pretty sure I'm hopelessly in love with you."

Satsuki's face flushed and she buried it as far into Ryuko's breasts as she could.

"I can't believe sometimes how much I-" she paused, and Satsuki could feel Ryuko squeezing her. "How much I'm just absolutely full of you."

Unburying herself from Ryuko's embrace, which took more effort than had it been any other person, Satsuki leaned up and kissed Ryuko firmly.

She tried, so hard, to put as much feeling into it as she could. Satsuki could feel her own face scrunch together in concentration, the kiss they shared a desperate and necessary thing. When she pulled back she found Ryuko dazed, her eyes glassy and filled with content. Satsuki held her face firmly with both her palms, doing her best to be as sincere as she could.

"Matoi Ryuko," she started, but found herself lacking any sort of considerable speech to be given. "Ryuko..."

Satsuki kissed her again.

"You're a damn fool," she muttered against Ryuko's lips. "And I love you more dearly than you know."

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